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The First New Year.

Long ages since, when Time was young,
A blissful couple sat and sung
In Eden's lovely fields so fair,
Before the tempter entered there;
The rosy hours were whiled away
In sweet repose, or gentle play;
One little darling, lovely boy
Filled both their hearts with boundless joy.

Young Adam watched the stars at night,
And saw the constellations bright,
Along the grand ecliptic's face,
Where the great globe with lightning pace
Swept onward in its annual round,
Till it the starting point had found,
Then rose his anthem loud and clear:
"Oh, God, bless thou the opening year;
To us thy children show thy face,
The new year bless for all my race."

Then spake the Lord, "thou son of Earth,
With each dead year shall come a birth,
While the world doth its track pursue,
The year shall be forever new ;
Thy race may perish, and at last
The globe be into darkness cast ;
The glittering stars may cease to shine,
But until then, thou son of mine,
While this mighty globe doth roll,
And light doth shine from pole to pole,
My word I give ; be of good cheer—
I'll bless for them each glad new year."

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